

The Magical Dimensions: Tasteless Revenge

by StrikerStanding692

Category: Puella Magi Madoka

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Summary: Homura Akemi, having no memories, was receiving only fragments of what happened to her after the world was restored. Slowly, she remembered. Now, a new character joins Mitakihara's darkest places belonging to witches and wraiths. 'And it's a young man? Who is he' (happens after the Rebellion Movie)

1. Chapter 1

_**Homura â€" **_For so many times, I've repeated history, over and over again. I never lost my memories, only until the time I was defeated as the Demon. I thought I would be able to keep them. But for everyone else's good... I returned back to my world without them._

All through the time as I grew, I kept getting fragments of those memories, from some of the Incubators who are still in range. If they don't speak, I know what kinds of death and torture I'd give them.

_I just celebrated my 18__th__ year... alone. I only had connections and not friends in Mitakihara. It was the same as before, wasn't it? Getting those fragments of memories and knowing witches existed before, with wraiths on the next, now there's a mix of the two. Right now, Magical Girls are still needed. Although the Incubators have a sound mind of maintaining Magical Girls, they're quite the bastards in also trying to maintain witches, which was why I kept bullying them until they just lose their breath. I was always angry when I found out the things about them._

_Being alone was only the beginning in my life, was it? I had a friend, once. They didn't know about it. They only told me that I was just too selfish in loving that friend. I don't even know her name. I feel she's around, but I can't feel her physical presence. It's like

things got spiritual on my senses, but only to a limited extent._

When will I learn? Of course that spirit doesn't matter to me. She was a friend to me once on my previous timelines as I recall. But having no memory of her name, that simple blurred image of her will be the best I can get...

Later, something is going down not only in Mitakihara, but around the world. It first started when a masked vigilante was around, fighting what I thought was the impossible: Witches. It was a young man in a mask, and I can't identify him. He had different weapons with him and knows how to summon them. He defeated witches with ease just like I do when I see one. Immediately, he ran when he knew I was watching.

Who was he? What was he doing here? And why was he hunting witches for? That's what I want to find out next.

Everything different, is beginning to unfold now...

2. Chapter 2

_**Homura â€" **_I lived kinda differently from the last time I lived. I go to a school and I'm already on my senior year. _

It was the same day, all over again. I was part of the Student Council that time.

Does it matter if there's a transferee coming in from Portugal?

The schoolgirls in the classroom had starry eyes, seeing the foreign boy walk in with the proper uniform used in Mitakihara High.

I guess it does, since some of us have to welcome him. I, in fact, don't care.

Homura sighed in her seat before she continued writing on her notebook with her glasses on when...

"Akemi-san?" A female student called, and Homura recognized her as a junior Student Council member. "Why aren't you eating lunch yet? Morning class is over, so you're free to eat with me."

"I don't feel like it for now. So... who's the transferee?"

"I think he introduced himself as Medeiros. That's his surname, I think. He's quite fluent with our language too."

"Did you get his first name?"

"No, sorry. Want me to ask?"

"Ask for your own sake. I'm not really interested." Homura then stands from her seat and moves to the classroom exit. "Show him around the school. I'll be expecting you do that."

"Okay, Akemi-chan!" She salutes Homura before the girl left the

room.

Entering the student council room, Homura was alone. And finding a small stack of papers, she was relieved that she had something to do to keep things off her mind for a while, and it included the transfer student. New students are a bother to her.

Then she looked at a folder on her desk and picked it up, then opened it. It was the information regarding the new student: Alan Medeiros. '_Having an easy name to pronounce? I guess it's not a problem._' She saw his picture having brown hair, and a short cue of hair at the back of his head. The olive green eyes were noticeable to her as well. He seemed to be rather having less bright skin, signifying he might have the same skin color as a Japanese. It seemed a little off, but it doesn't change he's a foreigner. He's currently 19 years old.

Homura suddenly remembered: A few announcements on TV came out on the vigilante in the city. He stops crimes. She even saw him battle a dangerous witch before with magic and other means of combat, like summoning weapons at his disposal. The hair was very noticeable to her and has a sharp eye on the details on that masked vigilante. The head shape was almost the same as Alan's.

I may be a passerby on people, but I'm not stupid when it comes to descriptions. This young man... He's sudden on his appearance in the school. What happened first was that mysterious vigilante who appeared 3 days ago. It isn't strange. It isn't coincidence. I decided... I want to follow him and see what he's up to.

_**Alan â€" **_It's the end of the day. School ended like that when the bell rang. It was simple, and unlike my last school. But the Japanese are organized._

Though when I was walking out of the classroom, I saw the familiar girl with very dark blue to black hair looking at me from a distance while she walked to her locker. It wasn't strange. She was just... I don't know what to place on this. They told she the Student Council President of Mitakihara High. I wonder if she's got an interest in me that she decided to give me that look.

It took a while and the place was almost dark when I got back to my house. It's economical in a sense. I'm alone and my parents are supporting me from overseas. I had a Japanese mother and my father's the natural Portuguese. They had lots of work to do with a multi-branch general merchandise business. It was booming. Though was it booming between me and them? Not even once.

I dropped my bag and just lied down with my uniform. It's a good day, and I ate out. All I just wanted to do was sleep. Maybe I shouldn't? I thought of going out again to hunt witches and wraiths. They're still new to me after all. What I came here for Mitakihara wasn't the thrill. It wasn't the new environment. My parents once hid something from me that I can use magic, and the whole ancestry under my mother's name had this. Although... I have to be careful about the natural occurrence of Magical Girls, contracted by aliens called the Incubators. They're completely different and they're the original ones who take care of a majority of witches and wraiths. That's all I remember them say, and I kept them in mind. Everything else about family? They lost their chance with that already.

His thoughts were snapped out from him as he heard the front door.

I immediately got off my bed and just went to the front door. I grabbed the doorknob and time slowed down. I got this feeling. This feeling didn't feel good for some reason, but I didn't mind it as time went back flowing normally as I opened that door. I didn't expect her to be here... the same uniform, the same hair... the eyes, and that look she gave me back at the school...

Homura was still in her school uniform as she looked at him curiously and cautiously. "Are you Alan Medeiros?"

"Y-yeah... You're the student council president, aren't you?"

"You're greatly fluent. It seems to fit you well Medeiros-kun."

"Oh... Wanna come in?" And Alan opened the door wider before Homura came in past the door. But as he closed it the door behind him...

_**Homura â€" **_He made a mistake trusting someone. It seems his weakness is simply just a girl. Well... I'm sorry._

She used her time gear before time had stopped. As everything slowed down, including Alan's movement, she morphed into her Magical Girl attire before she kicked him to the head. Restoring time again, Alan staggered just before she subdued him from behind, forcing him to lie on his stomach while her body was on his. She summoned a pistol before aiming it at the rear side of his head.

"What the hell?!" Alan didn't expect the girl with her to be THAT fast. "How the hell did you...?"

"I'm asking the question, Medeiros. You're not ordinary, and you know I'm not either."

"Of course not! You're a Magical Girl!"

Homura smirked. "That makes things easier." She got her handgun's nose to touch his head and he was getting more nervous. "Now... Start talking."

About half an hour later, they were both on opposite sides of the table seated at individual chairs facing each other. Homura no longer has her handgun, since he told him what he was in Mitakihara for.

"Happy now?" Alan asked, but Homura seemed to ignore it.

"I was only cautious of what you would be, but it seems what you stand for is unknown. Are you sure you don't know anything?"

"My parents really never cared except if I went to school. What's a Student Council President like you doing in my house asking about me all of a sudden?"

"I'm not here on behalf of everything else you know in school, in case you didn't see what I'm wearing, Alan. I'll call you that from now on. I'm here, besides asking what you stand for, to give you a warning. Since you only started fighting witches and wraiths, they are never easy-goers. You shouldn't underestimate them. A few Magical Girls I know suffered doing that. And you almost lost after fighting a wraith yourself."

"Wait... you saw me?"

"Beneath that mask lies your influence, Medeiros. Just your simple movements match your fighting."

"So what now? You don't look like you want to be friends."

"Indeed not. But I DO want to show you around more. In the eyes of others, you're a vigilante. Don't forget that your identity is sacred behind that mask you wear. I have my own... and it's called stealth." Homura heard a chuckle from him, making her glare. "This is no joke. That's how I fought wraiths since they don't exhibit labyrinths and barriers!"

"Think of being too high and mighty, and I'll start laughing more, Akemi."

"Whatever. You have your message. Oh, and one other thing..." Homura browsed her attire pocket just before she took a phone and threw it to him.

Alan was shocked, since it's his phone he's holding. "How'd you...?"

"Next time we meet... You'll know." Homura then started to walk out of the living room. "My number is in there. Just don't call at an inconvenience." She then got out of view from the living room, and a curious Alan was walking to follow her.

But she was gone. The front door was never opened and no other footsteps were heard when she left him. '_Strange... I guess she can either turn invisible, or make time go her way. That's why she was able to do that. But damn... Time?_' He then used his phone and browsed his contacts, before seeing her name. "Akemi Homura." He muttered her name, knowing they found out each others' identities. But what was her play, and why did she want to do that and trust he can play by her rules?

Meanwhile... a battered Kyubey was on the roof of a tall building, stepping back from the figure making a shadow over him. "You're doing it again, Homura."

Homura glared at the Kyubey while holding a machinegun. "I'll never stop having problems with you, and so will others, right?"

"You know our fate." Kyubey's words were said while she aimed her MG at him.

"Then screw your fate. One after the other, you're dead either way." And with no warmth in her heart, Homura pulled the trigger as she made holes at the Incubator...

I don't know... but it's beginning to be fun.

3. Chapter 3

Homura was at her bed in her room one night. At first she was peaceful, knowing nothing disturbs her. That changed after a few hours when her brows were a little tight. Then panting started to come in slowly. She was having a dream... A bad dream.

The teacup was held and its liquid tea sipped by a white-attired girl with such long pink hair. The only look she has described her of being a goddess. Goddess Madoka gently lowers her cup to the saucer on the short table. Her eyes then fixed on the other figure on the table.

The other female figure put the cup on its right saucer at a harsh way, with it still intact. The red ribbon on her hair and her black attire describing she comes from the pits of hell only got her to the position that she should respect the one in front of her. Demon Homura knew at her position, anything can happen. And as she fixed her gaze towards Goddess Madoka's concerned eyes and smile, she didn't smile back, knowing what happened to her was simple: She lost it once before.

Goddess Madoka sighed and started first. "You don't need to feel bad about it, you know."

Demon Homura smirked at it. "Me? Feel bad? I never felt any better, Madoka. Actually... I never felt happier in my entire life. You put me down on Earth to suffer the things I did."

"No, it's not like that, Homura-chan."

"We all know that's not true." She neared her face to the calm goddess in front of her. "You sent me back there, so I can't touch you anymore."

"You know I told you that I'll see you again one day."

"But I'm a better person now!"

"How would you have been when you suddenly changed what was written?! Homura... That was more than enough for a reason for them to take you down! The reason I never got to fight you is that you're always my friend, and you've proven it!"

"Oh, have I? Don't you know after all the times I saved you, that you actually think I'm doing things for you? Well, I did. But in exchange, I always got nothing. I was always alone. I felt like there was nothing left for me in that world for me. Whether it be a new kind of universe or not, I still lost, not even claiming you in our friendship. Everything was cut short! I wasn't given the chance to live long with you!"

"There's good reason on that, Homura. And you wanted to change every reason by changing the world you know! What happened to you was never supposed to be! I was ready to take you, but after finding out everything, your love conquers everything and it's only meant to claim me. Homura, it should never work that way, and it must remain

that way."

"I did everything... for you." The demon named Homura rose from her seat. "Why shouldn't I be given a chance to have you completely?"

"You changed, Homura. It's not that I wanted to reject you. I wanted to accept you." Madoka rose from her seat to get in level with Demon Homura's eyes. "All that power, and all your efforts in getting to me weren't in vain. But I have another purpose, and so do you. We've been friends, and you will always be, to me. Nothing will change that."

Demon Homura however, chose to do what was unthinkable, as she swings her arm and grabs Madoka's neck in a strangle. "It's... NOT... ENOUGH."

"_**NO!**_" Homura screams as she sits up and pants fast on her bed, while feeling the heat on her body that made her perspire. She didn't know what this dream was to her. It was all a blur, and she didn't even get why she had to dream something horrible. Indeed, she has to find out who she is. She only has pieces of her memory restored, but it's not enough. Opening her eyes slowly, she shifts her sight to her Soul Gem beside her, shaped like a queen's crown and colored purple. What she had experienced was something always related to her. '_But how would I know who I really am if I keep asking the same questions? It's been four years since I first got those horrible dreams. Sadly, I never even knew what it's about. What the hell is happening? Am I so weak in this?_' Frowning, she knew she couldn't answer her own question in her thought. She didn't want to be weak, and never again.

Meanwhile, a set of binocular eyes was watching from afar for observation towards the subject. Homura was then seen lying back down, before she appeared to go back to sleep.

4. Chapter 4

Demon Homura laughed boisterously. She has actually done it. For all the years that passed, she has finally done it. Goddess Madoka's hands were locked together with the red ribbon the demon always liked. For the pleading that kept the goddess going on for, the demon just hugs her from behind, cherishing her for as long as they exist.

Homura opened her eyes in shock, letting her realize she was in the classroom after lunchtime. '_Did I just fall asleep?_' She thought of it herself and it seemed to be so. Sighing, she decided to fix herself at this point, while she finds her glasses.

The female junior student council member that Homura talked to one day had a concerned face while walking to Homura who was just wearing her glasses. She finally got to where Homura was sat. "Akemi-san... We have a situation."

"Hm? What's wrong?"

"Well..." The junior student was about to start when a groan of pain sounded in the hallway, and Homura what it might mean.

The Japanese-Portuguese teen was pinned to the wall just before one male student came to him and punched his stomach a few times. The other students around them cheered on to whoever might win. Then... Alan pushed his male student opponent before he got into a defensive boxing stance. He then charged forward, before the opponent used his elbow as a cheating move. Alan did what another thing cheaper than using an elbow and kicked the opponent between his own legs.

Homura's jaw dropped at this and saw the male student go down, as she realized who it was. He's a club representative who's more opposed of foreigners residing anywhere in school, or in town at all. That's what she first thought. Now... She had to be sure. '_Damn it... This isn't good..._'

"_**What is going on here?!*__" The male principal got the students a bit spooked and they left one by one to just avoid the conversation he might have with the two fighters. He even saw the club representative down holding his crotch on the ground, and Alan himself standing. "What in the world is going on here?! I do not tolerate any fights in the school, yet you...!" He was stopped with a student council president concerned. "Ms. Akemi, do you have anything to say about this?"

"I'll be speaking to them myself about this, Mr. Principal. It won't be anyone else's problem."

"Do you know the problem?"

"I believe so. I've had this feeling for a while now, so there's no need to press anything against them. Though... I do want to speak about something in regards to this."

"Oh? Shall we talk in my office then?"

"I'll join you, sir." Homura then saw the principal nod and leave without another word, before she turned towards the two males while the club representative was just getting up. "You two are gonna wait for me at my desk in the Student Council room. Understood?"

And in 15 minutes, Homura was at her desk while the two male teens were seated in front of it.

The club representative started. "Senpai, I don't know what I'm brought here for. Honestly, Mr. Medeiros over here assaulted me. I didn't have anything else to do but defend myself. Do I have any fault at this? Please... I need to consider my position here as club representative."

"You can." Homura then browsed in her desk before she took out answer sheet papers, then brought it out for them to see. "You can do that after you explain to me why Mr. Alan's papers submitted to the teacher were forged. I did a little investigation myself and the teacher told me it was a little different. Alan's handwriting is usually cursive on the name. But you put your best effort at it. But you aren't that good with your cursive, which I always know when I have you fill out forms. What's more is, you made it look like he started it, but you actually fisted his lower back even before he got pissed off."

The club representative was shocked of this. "Wait...
Umm..."

"Effective immediately, while you're supposed to be a model but failed in showing you have the discipline to control your temper, you are hereby dismissed from your position as the junior History Club representative. This is one mistake you shouldn't have done."

"Wait... You can't! Only the principal has that power!"

"Then consider him notified, since he wanted me to tell you himself." Homura glared at the male rep's eyes. "You should know the history club is getting those notification letters about your dismissal. It's a good thing you didn't get in trouble, with only THIS as the alternative. You're a good student, still."

"And you're just in cahoots with the principal who allowed him to be transferred here in the first place." The former club rep angrily stood up from his seat and just left.

Homura didn't stop the teen and looked at Alan. "Are you okay?"

Even Alan didn't know what to think of it. "How fast were you in doing everything? I doubt that it's 15 minutes you talked to the principal, investigated the papers, and even got some witnesses to confirm something he did."

Homura smirked at him. "Tonight will be the very time I show you why."

"Is it related to time?"

"You're catching up. That's impressive... quite."

"Quite? Well give me a break. You broke into my home."

"I didn't break in. You let me in, and I beat you, and lucky it's not into a pulp. What's your weakness? The opposite sex?"

"Wait, what? Come on, Akemi. I wouldn't..."

"Just take this." Homura then gave him a small note. "It's a place you might recognize. Meet me there, and we'll get things over with."

"Oh... Okay. I guess I'll see you there. Thanks?" But he didn't expect an answer as he stood up and left the room.

Homura was alone, again. '_Things would have been different if Alan was the one who was thought as wrong. I know what's right, and it cannot be overruled._'

Later, Homura was leaving the school at the end of the day. Little did she know pictures were taken by a mysterious figure from afar with a digital camera from a distance...

The night was beautiful with the full moon on view. The lights in the city of Mitakihara were always the same. Homura looked at each building with people in it like they were an organized group. They were a big organized group designed to keep their operations running and in check. Businesses that are big have this system. The system made for the population for the city is quite different though. There were politics, trends, and of course, laws. Sometimes, even as she obeys the law, a part of her wishes not everything is doused in its lies, since there's a way to make a hole in the whole system.

Homura sighed while standing on the penthouse level of a tall building in her Magical Girl attire. She's 18 years old, and she's still one? It DID make her ask questions why, and the presence of witches and wraiths were the reason. She's alone, and maintained to be alone too. That changed when Alan Medeiros arrived in her lifeâ€|

â€|and on the roof as she sensed it. "You're late." She said this before turning around, seeing the young man walk to him.

Alan had a mask on, with a theme of white on his right and black on his left. The attire he has was a whole-body kind of clothing, that's compared to spandex. It had a black base color, and his chest level had lines of white from there until the torso. His right shoulder bore the drawing of an eagle, and the left arm covered one of a dragon. Although the design is simple, and his smarts put into place, even he won't be found easily by authorities. He'll be a vigilante who can't be caught.

And she even knew it when she found he was there without using a door. "Nice work getting here without using an elevator. So how DID you get here?"

"You think I got here just by jumping? I think I changed that by going a little higher than usual. And since I needed to, wellâ€|" Alan then concentrated before a small pair of wings came out from his clothing, or preferably, his back. They were the same kind of black with some white marks made on it. And the wing patterns look like it come from a bird. "Well?"

"You glide with the wings, right?"

"That's right. How do you know?"

"The only thing I saw you do is jump, use a small harpoon device to attach to a building, and get your wings out to glide you far and reach lengths in the city."

"Heyâ€| You're smart enough. You should be given a medal." And for Alan's statement, a slow glare was given to him. "Hey, did I say something wrong?"

"By learning to not shut up, you have."

"Whatever." He looked away, not seeing she was standing on the edge of the building. He only turned around seeing her fall backwards toward the edge and fall. "SON OF THE BITCH!" He ran to the edge before jumping and diving forward and downwards. He focused his angle downwards to be straight. As he was falling faster, he saw her

falling downwards, but her head was facing him like she was expecting that moment to happen. '_What in the hell?_'

"I thought you couldn't make it?"

"SHIT! You're crazy!" Alan then found his speed faster before he finally reached her and widened his wings before he stabilized and got himself and Homura to glide forward. "You piece of"

"Stop the cursing, Medeiros-kun. You know I'm still the wiser one here."

"That wisdom left the damn building and kept falling to the ground, you crazy high-schooler."

"What's wrong?" She smirked at him. "Are you upset you saved me? Or is it an instinct from a weakness you have with females?" And she winced at what she said. '_Wait! did I say that right?_' They then continued on as he kept her on his arms.

Eventually, they landed on a low-elevated building, good for a medium-sized garage, and was actually one below them. That time, it was late and people aren't around, which makes it safer. As they jumped down from the low-elevated building, they proceeded just at a spot between two of them before they entered a barrier. They were both getting into the territory of a witch.

Alan looked around, seeing the environment was different as some figures around were like two-dimensional to him. "I only started fighting wraiths, but witches too?"

"This is something you must understand: Witches create their own labyrinths like the one we're inside in. We enter through their barrier, which separates this labyrinth to the outside world."

"I see."

"You rarely fight witches, right?"

"Yeah! I guess."

"Then you'll probably be safer without me. Because in fighting a witch, anything can happen. Magical Girls fell to their doom while underestimating witches themselves. It brings about a bad atmosphere, while their bodies can never be recovered again. But if a Magical Girl succumbs to the grief their Soul Gems have"

"Yeah. I got that. They turn into the witches themselves. If their transition goes fast, it means they're allowing it to happen."

"It won't matter. Even with your knowledge about Magical Girls turning into witches slowly, they'll still turn. The only way to save them is to make sure their grief seed is saved. But there's a process that can reverse from them being witches again. The only way for that to happen is for a Magical Girl candidate, to wish the original form of the grief seed, into a magical girl."

"It's a cycle, but that's a valid way?"

"Yes, but no one tried that. No one ever tried that kind of stunt."

After all—who in the world is a magical girl, at a position of demanding such wish?"

"Good point."

"By the way—aren't you going to bring your weapon out?" And as she asked, a flying minion was approaching from behind. Alan was behind her.

But even he knew that as he summoned what seemed to be a silver-colored sledgehammer with a black fiery flames vinyl. With one arm, he held it and swung it just behind him while it hits the minion, while the hammer's face made an explosion, amplifying the damage on the minion and leaving nothing but ash. Shouldering the sledgehammer, he snorted. "Hmph. Of all things to remind me."

"Impressive." She simply gave that remark before seeing the main room belonging to the witch they're going to slay. And it just got to her view the minions coming their way. "This witch is simply going to let them fall for us. Let's give her a lesson she'll never forget."

"Right behind ya."

"Go!" She sprinted just before she summons a pistol and fires ahead, while Alan was behind her. Flying minions were coming up behind them as he jumped and whacked them with the sledgehammer, having the same fate from the explosions made from his weapon. While doing so, Homura was switching between her pistol and submachine guns to make sure she hits every minion on sight.

Alan then threw his sledgehammer to a ground minion group, throwing them all off as explosions forced them off the ground. He then summons small crossbows with round magazines for ammunition and fires around the two of them, repelling minions coming at them while in each hit, released small explosions like from his sledgehammer. "COME ON! GET CLOSER!"

"Don't underestimate them, Medeiros! Remember what I said about the deaths of other Magical Girls!"

"Yeah, yeah. They did the same and died!" Alan then suddenly aimed front while Homura ducked before he fired multiple arrows and made solid hits at a small group guarding the doorway to the center of the labyrinth. "That way is clear!"

"Let's get through! Form up!" Homura then sprinted first while the way at the center is clear, with Alan tightly behind her to watch for hostiles.

When the two of them arrived at the labyrinth's center, they only saw curtains rise before two rabbit-like creatures jumped down to the center of the round room. They have a height of about six feet each. Thus, she analyzed them, standing on their hind legs posing to be like a human.

And there wasn't any time one of the rabbits sprinted towards the two. "Look out!" Alan shouted before Homura rolled out of the way as he aimed his crossbows at the oncoming opponent and fires off arrows

at it. The arrows missed as the rabbit witch was approaching him that he threw his crossbows off and summoned two sledgehammers and blocked a bladed attack from the same foe. It seems the rabbit had blades for arms and he did his best of defending himself and giving out attacks at a good chance he has.

Homura sensed platforms raise on her position before she jumped on them and fired pistol rounds at her other rabbit witch twin. '_The other one's consistent. It looks like this one's no different,_' she thought. The rabbit creature kept following her and evading rounds. The only way to win is to get so close enough that she'd be able to make damage, while evading slashes from its bladed arms. While jumping higher and higher on the platforms, the rabbit made a mistake of jumping too high and pouncing on Homura as she threw her pistols and summoned a shotgun, just before she pulled the trigger, with the creature his later and splitting into black liquid later on. '_That settles that._'

Alan spun his sledgehammers, making a wheel with both his arms before expertly swinging and attacking the rabbit multiple times. As the rabbit kept evading, she didn't know at one instance, a swing could hit her. And it happened as one instance got her hit and it made an explosion, throwing her off. Before she could move, Alan jumped and raised his hammers before slamming it down on the disabled rabbit witch, making two explosions at the same time and defeating the twin witch. "And thatâ€¦ takes care of that," he said while Homura landed next to him. "Did what you could?"

"Yes. It seems they're easy."

"Maybe. We can't let our guard down yet."

"Of course. This labyrinth is still here. It must mean we missed something." Homura then looked around, then looked up.

Alan did the same and his eyes widened at the sight of a giant clone of the rabbit creature coming down on them on her feet. "Shitâ€¦ BACK!" And he jumped back together with her before the giant rabbit landed in front of them, making the ground shake for a while, and at his shock, he saw the rabbits they faced, are back in just one giant foe. "Turning them from twins to a giant just got things better and better."

And the rabbit uttered a piercing scream before putting its arm into a fist forward and towards the two. The two figures rolled away separately before the fist hits violently on the ground.

Alan then recovered before swinging and throwing one sledgehammer, then the other just before they both made it to the witch's chest and neck with explosions for each hit. He was in dismay when he saw the rabbit wasn't fazed, but was a bit weakened at least. "Looks like this bitch is included!"

Homura took an opportunity as the rabbit was raising its arm that she ran across it. "Medeiros, keep hitting her! I'll go for her head and keep her distracted! Hit the body and make good hits!"

Alan then ran around before summoning two crossbows and fired at the giant beast. He focused recently on the hind legs to see if she could lose balance at this. She did get hurt, but the legs didn't seem to

make her lose focus. "Damn it! the legs won't go but she's getting battered anyway! Akemi! hit her with everything you've got!"

"I was planning on that," Homura said before putting out a machinegun and fired a volley of rounds at the neck and the right side of the rabbit witch's head. The witch uttered a piercing scream and tried to shake Homura off, but she keeps jumping around. She easily got some leverage by holding on to the witch's arm and hitting the rabbit's head. '_She's a tough one to take down, but nonetheless she's going to wear out at any time now._' She threw her weapon and summoned a shotgun then jumped to her head, stood there before aiming downwards, pulled the trigger, later seeing scattered shells pierce through the rabbit witch's head.

"That's it! Keep hitting her!" Alan shouted this before he summoned another two sledgehammers and swung them together and threw them. The hammers hit the neck and explosions were made, making the witch scream and lose balance before she was already falling backwards. He saw Homura ran on the body of the rabbit and jumped off, just before he ran, summoned a grappling hook pistol, fired the hook off as it finally got a grip before he made himself retract to the hook's location, and catching Homura in the air. "Shall we?"

"Let's see her dead." Homura said it before jumping off and seeing the rabbit witch on the ground. Alan did the same and lets go of the grapple before summoning his crossbows and fired on the rabbit's head, while Homura fired from a Rocket-Propelled Grenade launcher a simple rocket together with his rounds. Explosions ringed and shook the rabbit's head until she screamed and her body dissipated into a black liquid. Finally, the witch was defeated.

Homura landed on her feet while seeing Alan, with a hold on a grappled line lands beside her. Walking towards the center of the witch's remains, she saw the grief seed and got on one knee to examine it, before picking it up. "This is what the witch left us. At least that's one witch down."

"Grief seed, huh?"

"It collects traces of anger, despair, and of course with the name itself, grief," Homura explains before the labyrinth flickered out, just before it faded continuously on them.

Eventually, they were at a building's roof, not in the line of sight from anyone as Homura was in thought. This, Alan noticed and decided to ask her about it. "Homura, you were like that for a while."

She looked at him with a glare. "Of course I was. For the whole day, I was feeling that I was being watched."

Alan sighs and lifts his mask off while his face was revealed to her. "What do you think would I do? I'm already close to you, so what's the deal?"

"Look! your 'name' as a vigilante is rather getting me worried. So I'm sorry if this didn't seem so peculiar to you like usual."

"So it's my fault?"

"Having a reputation like that, is your fault."

"Well, give me a damn break then!" He approached her but he stopped as a submachine gun was aimed at him.

"Right now, you don't know, do you?" Homura looked at him calmly, changing her expression.

"What do you mean?" Alan asked what she meant, but she lowered her SMG down and threw it away.

Homura smirked at him. "You'll know."

Later, a car was driven to a small apartment complex. The doors of the dark room were opened and a switch was flicked to turn on one light bulb, revealing a blonde afro fair-skinned European man in his twenties having a Hawaiian patterned shirt on. A camera was on his neck, and he took it off there as he closed the door behind him.

He sighed while making coffee in the kitchen, thinking of the events that took place that seemed off. He was tracking a target, but disappeared just like that. Just as he finished stirring his coffee that he decided to leave the kitchen. To his surprise however, he found a smiling teenage girl in front of him in the living room. "Hello." It was the greeting heard from her before his collar was grabbed by another figure.

Alan had his mask on and the man pinned against the wall holding his collar. Homura was just beside him with arms crossed, and a glare at the blonde man. "Alright, you better spit it out."

"Huh?! What are you talking about?!" The man asked, and got slammed on the wall by the same teenage-like figure asking the questions first. "Okay, okay! What in the hell is wrong with you?! I'll talk, okay?"

"Wait a minute" Alan examined the man and widened his eyes at who he was looking at right now. He lifted his mask and lowered the man to the ground. "Oh shit" Matt?

Matt then got a good look of the teenage boy's face and recognized him. "Wait a minute" Alan? Alan Medeiros?!"

At this sight Homura missed something. She missed a lot of things. Looking at the camera at the living room table, the confusion adds up to one thing she thought: Someone was watching her, and used Matt to do it. Homura then looked back at the man named Matt. "So what is it exactly?"

"What are you saying now?"

"THE CAMERA! What the hell was it for?!" Homura summons a pistol before aiming it at Matt, just as Alan comes between the weapon and the man. "Medeiros, step away."

"Akemi" Wait! You're not shooting him!"

"Then he should tell me what the hell he's doing taking pictures of me while leaving school!"

"Huh?" Alan turned to see one scared Matt with his hands up. "Is that

true? What the fuck is going on, Matt?!"

"It was nothing! I swear! I only got told to take pictures of a girl like her! I was just paid, man!"

"Damn it, tell us the truth!"

"I don't know! Shady guy! That's what I know from him. He even had a paper bag on his head to his face, but paid me cash to take her pictures!"

"Do you even know who she is?!"

"No! That guy told me she goes to that school, okay?! I swear! I don't know anything about him and neither this girl! I was just trying to get cash! I'm as fucking broke and this apartment is on rent!" Matt explained just before he took a deep breath. Breathing out, he continued. "Look! I'm sorry! I didn't know you were around, okay?!"

Alan examined Matt on this and sighed afterwards, seeing the older man wasn't lying. "Well you got us there. Question is why her?"

"How should I know?"

"Anyway!" Alan then looked at Homura. "We gotta help him out here."

That, Homura was surprised of. "Alan, you might know him but he could be petrified and run away."

"It isn't a big deal, really. This guy's a photographer, but got washed up after taking porno pictures back in the day. I guess that's why he went over here. And judging from his getup, he doesn't have spare clothes. Look! We gotta consider him into this and start investigating."

"Well! He trusts you. If you trust him quite well then you could take him in."

"Exactly in my mind." Alan then looked at Matt. "That is! You can do that if it's fine with you."

"Sure thing, Alan. Thank you." Matt smiled, glad at what his friend proposed.

Later, Homura and Alan were walking while the city lights were dimly lighting the streets they were on.

Homura had her eyes focused forward and was aware Alan was around before she spoke up. "I'm warning you, Medeiros. You can't trust everyone you meet, even if they're your friend. How do you even know you could trust him?"

"We saw each other back in Portugal while we were applying for a course test. He was a driving maniac and I was too. We became team members just before we walked separate ways. I only learned he became a photographer later on, and got fired a little later. After that, I don't know."

"Well, you can't be too careful, Alan."

"Huh?"

"I'm serious. Don't be too soft."

"Tch. Were you?"

"Don't start," Homura replied before the rest of their walk was silent.

While it was happening, a figure from the rooftop of a nearby house was watching from afar. Her black to dark purple dress was in contrast to her fair skin, and her black hair swayed in the wind. Her folded wings of mostly black with a stream of white was behind her. A red ribbon was tied on her head with the knots on the left sideâ€|

As the eyes looked at the two figures from afar, she smiled. "So you're finally getting onto life with another, huh? Naughty, naughty me." She licked her lip and chuckled in her mind. '_All going to plan. Soon, you'll be strong enough. You're going to be perfect for my Madoka._' She chuckled and looked at the moon. She disappeared, and a black feather fell from the skyâ€|

6. Chapter 6

This day hasn't been going as what she was expecting for Madoka herself, a middle schooler. Her pink hair was quite noticeable along with her red ribbon tied on them.

The middle of the morning seemed ordinary in the classroom she was in. And knowing how the day must go, she'll have an idea it is a very busy one. Knowing how classes are right now, she might not have that much time to look at her other classmates. She was a busy body, listening intently at the teacher in the classroom.

When it was time for lunch as the morning was turning to noon, Madoka sighs just before she moves from her seat and attempts to leave.

But thenâ€|

"_**Kaname-chan.**_" An all too familiar girl's voice called her, and it came from Homura Akemi herself, now approaching from the front of the classroom. Madoka usually stays at the back of the classroom. With her attention now focused on Homura, Madoka smiles and greets her.

"Homura-chan!"

"Hahâ€| Madoka... I know there's more to you wanting to call me that. We're in a classroom andâ€|" Homura smiled weakly and blushed. "It's a little embarrassing."

"Hm?" Madoka seemed to have a neutral emotion. "Don't you like being called by your first name?"

"Wellâ€| I guess it's fine. It's nothing, really. Butâ€| I'm just

looking forward I couldâ€¦"

"You can call me by my first name too, you know! There's nothing wrong with it since we're close friends after all!" Madoka, now with hands on her waists, smirked. "What? Can't call me right for once? You always seemed really protective when you're around me."

Homura winced at how Madoka noticed it. "Ohâ€¦"

"You can stop doing that and justâ€¦ Just call it like you can trust the rest. That'll work, right?" Madoka winked.

The other girl just crossed her arms and smirked back. "You've been getting that from others who know more of what friendship is. I guess it's fine."

"Thank you, Homura-chan!"

"Join me for lunch?"

"Okay!"

And they were at the school's rooftop.

Madoka was glad to be there since the morning seemed to be rather tiring. She gulped on the water bottle she had with quite the eagerness before the lid finally leaves her mouth, and breathes out in relief to being refreshed. "Wowâ€¦ This morning was rather tiring!"

Homura was observing Madoka while eating her sandwich. "That test the class had was just right for you. I don't think there's anything else tiring than that. I think it's your sleeping habit."

"Eh?"

"Ever since you moved back from America, you might have that little culture shock that you decided not to change things. You just try fitting in, when in fact at your home, your old habits of staying late are still with you." Homura's observation rather surprised Madoka a bit.

"Am I that sloppy?"

"Perhaps. You can adjust it."

"Ehâ€¦?"

"And I'll help you for the meantime on that habit of yours, Madoka."

"Thank you, Homura-chan. Iâ€¦ I appreciate it, really." Madoka turns away, embarrassed. This in turn made Homura glad.

At the end of the day when the students were leaving in the afternoon, the skies show orange colors. Madoka was among those students, but she was separated from the others. As the students were heading their own directions, a raven once standing on the lamppost spread its wings and flew up.

Madoka finally made her way to her house and past the main fence, just before she knocked and called out in the house that she was home, before closing the front door behind her. That raven from before landed on the fence that belonged the Kaname residence. Its eyes with a dark purple to black color gazed on the door. The raven looked up the tree before flying to a branch and landed there. It turned to see the window to a room in the house. And the raven saw Madoka enter the room, undressing. As the raven was witnessing Madoka undress, it carefully watched the girl being careful about herself while taking off parts of her clothing. The raven witnessed everything. It seemed to be a pervert of sortsâ€|

In another house at night, the shadow of a raven appears under the light of the living room. It is as is before the shadow slowly changed shape as it shape-shifted to a figure looking human, and seeming to be a girl's shadow now replacing the raven once there. A black feather to the girl's feet. The smile on Homura's face was made after the day had progressed. It went well as she had planned. Not only thatâ€| she witnessed something she never should have.

Her clothes were scattered in her bedroom. Her moans were heard from her. The bed was the only one in the bedroom, but instead of a sleeping Homura who was there, she was in the nude, and in heat, while her hand was in between her legs as she kept rubbing it furiously. Her free hand held her chest, while the fingers between her legs were rubbing her walls.

She moaned in the bedroom, not caring of who would hear. She kept her legs together as she furiously kept going. The blush on her face was more focused on the fingering, and her lustrous imagination, with Madoka right in the center of it all. While bathed in the light of the moon, she slides her feet forward while letting her legs extend. And with one last moan, juices came out from the walls she teased so much.

Homura then put her fingers into her mouth, tasting the result of her lust. This was her lust. It was her longing. And making her smile, the center of it allâ€| was Madokaâ€| She smiled at this, before black wings extended from her back. "It's time I give her a heads up." She said this to herself, before flapping once, and a few black feathers were left in the room while she was nowhere to be found.

In another reality, the 18-year old Homura was sleeping in her room. Knowing the day was long after defeating a wraith without Alan's help, it tired her out for the day. She was snoring only softly as she had no problems sleeping at all. Her back was on the bed. She had no pillow under her bed. The moonlight lit her body from afar, and she was partly visible at the window far from her.

The peaceful sleep was about to be disturbed. Homura's brows slightly went down, as a sign of being disturbed. She saw images in her mindâ€| seeing battles against witches, wraithsâ€| and even demons. She didn't know about the demons and she wondered what they were. Then she saw Mitakihara, formed in memory, but with Nightmares involved. She saw a group of girls before she met them. The dream was about the past. Was it her past? She couldn't understand.

A black feather fell to the floor near the window. And standing near it was none other than Demon Homura, now retracting her wings as she saw her older self already reacting to the images. '_Yes. Witness

them. Ask yourself what they are. You'll know about me, tonight._'
She thought before smiling.

The 18-year old then began to see images of herself, transforming into a witch. She was engaged by the same group of girls, as Magical Girls as they defeated her afterwards. Then, she saw images of herself, waking up to a desolated world, while seeing a pink-haired goddess above her. As she suddenly held the goddess with her hands, she smiled and had evil thoughts.

Homura opened her eyes so suddenly, seeing the ceiling while feeling her heart was beating and her panting was made through those images.
'_Whatâ€¦ are theyâ€¦?_'

"_**Good question,**_" A younger voice, similar to a voice of her younger self said.

And Homura was alert as she sat up before seeing the dark-dressed girl with the hair and the eyes, and the figure she never knew of seeing: herself. This made her shocked, not believing her own eyes. Her younger self smiled at Homura. She couldn't lay a single thought that could describe this moment, except that it might be a dream.

"Except it's not a dream, Homura." The dressed self began to walk towards one end of the room near the door and stopped just a little far from the bed her older self was lying on. "This is very much real."

"Who the hell are you? And whyâ€¦? Why are youâ€¦?"

"â€¦me?"

"No. You're not."

"I am. I am your flesh and blood, but not in the terms of blood, Homura. I am youâ€¦ since I created you. I can tell how you feel. You feel surprised. You feel I'm a false identity and representation of you. And you feel that I amâ€¦ hostile. Thusâ€¦ you have an instinctâ€¦"

"YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ME!" Homura summons a pistol before swinging it towards her younger self, now swinging her own pistol at Homura. Not caring of the situation, Homura takes aim.

Time slowed as both Homuras aimed their pistols at each other before they pulled the trigger. Time slowed down further as the bullet paths of each one they shot out were almost close. The bullets even moved past each other, but not before making contact and greatly changing their trajectory. As time flew normally, one bullet hits near the door, and another hits the wall near the bed, both missing an inch from both their heads.

Demon Homura smiled and laughed at this realization. "Your protective instinct, I always had. And you have. Like I saidâ€¦ You and I, are identical." She lowered her weapon and threw it aside, now seeing a panting older self not believing everything she's seeing. "You can call this a nightmare, but I'm not making it so. It's something you need to be opened up to, now that you're going to expect more to come your way."

Homura then lowered her weapon, curious of what her younger self meant. "What are you talking about? And thoseâ€¦ imagesâ€¦"

"Memories. Those were true memories. The other memories before this point we meetâ€¦ They were all fabricated. Thoughâ€¦ you lived it, still. I can't say it's not true either. But the life you're living right now, runs on my terms."

"What are you saying?! Who the hell are you?!"

"Can't you tell?"

"You don't control my lifeâ€¦ And you don't control who I am!" Homura's impatient nature makes her younger point a finger to her, before snapping two. Homura suddenly found she couldn't utter words anymore, and kept her mouth close. '_What theâ€¦?_' And just as she was about to move, her body suddenly stopped to move at all. '_Noâ€¦ No way! I'mâ€¦ I'mâ€¦ frozenâ€¦?! How?!_'

"Oh, you don't need to ask. And unfortunately, I DO control your life. I DO control who you are. But I chose that you carry my name: Homura Akemi. You're looking at your original self." Demon Homura smiled and held her dress, before doing a curtsy. "I am Demon Homura, the one who says and does the existence of this universe I call home and my own. You should consider not finding another religion, as I'm your oneâ€¦ and only." She snaps her fingers, letting Homura's binds disappear and made her move again.

Homura couldn't see this as something she could avoid, and began to just be curious. "If I'm yourâ€¦ doppelgangerâ€¦ then what am I supposed to do? Youâ€¦ You control my life, for what?" Homura asked this and her Demon self laughed at it.

After Demon Homura calmed from her laughing, she spoke up. "I'm glad you asked the most sensible question, and the first of all others. You should knowâ€¦ You can still live this life to give its own meaning. But the real purpose you're really here, is not only to live, but get stronger."

"Getâ€¦ stronger?"

"You seeâ€¦ I've been trying to perceive myself just as a normal human like always. Howeverâ€¦ things have been coming down as another failure. I've been having failures for many times now. I was once human. And you saw it through the memories you were shown."

"That was youâ€¦ from your past?"

"Pastâ€¦ Presentâ€¦ Futureâ€¦ it won't matter. They were images as to how I lived before I became a demon."

"Those memoriesâ€¦ it included you outsmarting a goddess. Who was she?"

"She was someone I always wanted to love, for myself. But that love I had was so unhealthy, and so selfish, that it grew into something more powerful than I ever imagined. I was once a magical girl, and a witch. And nowâ€¦ I brought myself to be a demon and changed

everything. The laws of this universe, were first based from neutrality, then that goddess, and nowâ€¦ from me."

"Iâ€¦ see." Homura seemed to take this, somehow easily. '_Why does it feelâ€¦ nostalgic?_'

"It is because you're me." Demon Homura replied to her doppelganger's thought. "Don't think your mind can escape me. Every thought that's coming from you also comes to me."

"Then what the hell am I? Your experimental hamster?"

"â€¦of sorts."

"What for?"

"It's simple: I want you to become my new face. You might be confused, but I have personal reasons. At least you knowâ€¦ Dearâ€¦ Homura." She makes an evil grin before she reveals and spreads her black wings before hovering off the ground. "No one will believe you when you say this to anyone else. This is your role: Get stronger. Live as you see fit."

"Thisâ€¦ This can't happen to me! It can't!"

"Unfortunatelyâ€¦ it did. And the price of you living in my realm requires you to live as you see it fit. Things will be coming for my objectives to come true. And when I say I have objectives, it means every word I said to you had a purpose. And you might see it soon for you to finally understand it."

"Would this make me worthless?"

"No. I told you: You have a role. And you'll live that roleâ€¦" Demon Homura licked her lips. "Nowâ€¦ You have a day to go through. I won't haunt you. So find everything around normal until I arrive. Until thenâ€¦ be a good girl." And she snapped two fingers together.

Homura suddenly opened her eyes and sat up to an early morning, it seems. Her panting was there, but the thing she experienced, appeared to be just a dream. Looking around, she wanted to know if it really happened. But she saw no weapons or bullet casings, or the bullets. There were even no feathers, most especially black ones, in the room. It might have looked like a dream to her, but it was too real to be called a dream. Most of the things she saw and heard were almost intact. She even felt that there might be some things that are missing from her memory. This made her determined. There was a reason her life was existing: She was being used.

But having no choice, Homura decided to live her days, knowing the first she should do, is get stronger.

Alan was in a boxing gym in the same city as he gave a combination of punches at a punching bag. He was wearing shorts and an undershirt while wearing only wrist wraps on his hands. His punches were also accompanied by kicks from his foot-wrapped feet. From a boxing stance came his kick-boxing stance as he kept his focus on the punching bag, giving an expertly executed combination against his dummy target. He then made one more strong kick towards the punching back, before

sensing someone was behind him, then swung his body and brought his elbow as the weapon, then stopped just as the elbow was an inch away from Matt's neck. "Matt." He called out his name and smirked before putting his arm down.

"Jeez, Alan! You could have killed me with a neck-shot!" Matt was nervous but was slowly calming down. "You go to this gym? Isn't it empty?"

"Ehâ€¦ The old man who owned this gym let me in while he was setting things up. Nobody comes around these days since school and office days make up in a busy season. They got a pretty busy schedule."

"That's something."

"Anyway, what are you doing here?"

"I thought I'd tell ya it's an hour away from class."

"No shit. What time is it?" And Alan looked at Matt's watch, before he immediately went to a duffle bag he owned in a rush. "No shit, Matt!"

The school bell with a sound of a tone in Mitakihara High recently rang out. The school itself had no students on the outside, and most of them were inside the classrooms, save for the only figure running from the gates and furiously running in the halls.

The classroom's sliding doors opened as Alan, neat in his school uniform, finally made it in the classroom just in time, and got to his seat, just before the sliding doors near the blackboard opened. He noticed the teacher was a male, and someone he didn't recognize, it seems. Was he a new teacher? Is he just a substitute in the absence of the real one? This was new to him. He never saw him before in his life.

The teacher adjusted his glasses as he finally got to the center of the blackboard, and faced the students who were supposed to listen to him for the class. He was Japanese and the students seem to respect that. Thus, he spoke: "I am Mr. Kadokawa. Nobody knows who I am, so just call me that name if you have any questions. Ms. Fujimoto sadly got to go home after she got sick. I know you saw her this morning, but she didn't feel well, it seems." And the rest of his explanation didn't seem much important to Alan.

The rest of the morning went smoothly.

Homura then met Alan later on at the school rooftop alone. It seems, she might have concerns.

She had her arms crossed while looking at the south view from the rooftop. "Alanâ€¦ You ever felt like you're being watched?"

"Hm? What do you mean? If you mean Matt, he's done."

"No, I understand him. It's been one month that his contact never called, butâ€¦ This is kinda different."

"Different? Different how?"

"Did you by chance get a substitute teacher from your class?"

"Huh? Well, yeah. He'sâ€¦"

"Mr. Kadokawa. And you know what the irony of it is? We had a substitute teacher ourselves. She calls herself Ms. Kadokawa."

"No shit?"

"I'm not joking. Thisâ€¦ this is too conspicuous. They're either a blood-related duo who got themselves into being substitute teachers by watching us, or they're there for worse reasons."

"What's your call?"

"For now, justâ€¦ observe them. If they make eye contact with you at any moment, notice if they're nervous."

"I doubt it is a problem. Because I did."

"Good. That may confirm my suspicions. Alanâ€¦ I have a plan. Mind if you listen?"

"If getting killed isn't going to be my fate, of course." Alan then walked closer to Homura before they both talked in whispers.

The end of the day was quick as students were leaving Mitakihara High. This time, Homura and Alan were walking together.

At a nearby snack place called "ã¸ã¸ã¸ã¸ã¸ (Snack Shack)", Alan was using his chopstick as he gobbles down a local sushi. Homura was only watching him eat.

After Alan finally finished his plate, he noticed it was already dark out. "Ah. Time flies?"

Homura sighs. "Hahâ€¦ It's because you eat a little slow."

"Homuraâ€¦ First offâ€¦ It's only rare that I taste delicacies from around the country, okay? I speak the language, but I don't eat the food."

"Interesting enough, considering you might have forgotten our plan."

"I know. Those two might be watching us, so we'll just keep walking casually."

"They'll eventually catch on that we're expecting them. But we'll see what their move is, soon enough." Homura then browses a pocket before pulling out bills of Yen towards the shack owner before standing up. "Come on. Let's expect them ourselves."

And so, they travelled together in the darkness, while street lamps lit the way of the streets they walked on. The moon was being blocked by some clouds, so they couldn't see much in the way except if the street lamps help them with the light they emit. They knew their senses were high, and their ears were hearing footsteps. Those

footsteps were running footsteps, meaning their attackers are moving from one place to another to get a vantage point.

Homura and Alan then stopped by a small quarry for an apartment complex. They entered the empty quarry and looked around.

And Alan eventually heard a twig snap from somewhere before he urged Homura to "Stop! Hear that?"

Homura's sharp eyes darted left and right, just before at her right, she sees a glint of a sharp object coming her way as time slowed. Her reflexes worked as she bent her knees and declined her head and leaned backwards, just before flying blade misses her by an inch. Time flowed normally before she got one leg to push her off the ground while she summoned a pistol and aimed towards the blade's source, then pulled the trigger. As she landed on the ground, Alan saw the figure from the same spot move in the shadows.

"Damn it!" Alan cursed before summoning his hunter's crossbow and sensed running footsteps behind him before time slowed, he ducked and swung his weapon behind him before his arm was blocked by two hands. Time flowed normally as he lets go of his crossbow as he saw the figure's leg headed for his face, before he swerved his head away from the kick. He found it only a distraction as the figure spun and had the other free leg hit his head instead before he fell down, now seeing the female figure locking his neck tightly. It was choking him.

Homura then saw this and raised her foot, before bringing it down upon the figure, only to see the female figure quickly move out of the way, aware of releasing Alan. Homura looked at the female figure who finally got on her feet from afar. It was Ms. Kadokawa. The other figure eventually ran and slowed to a walk. That figure seemed to be a male, and he was someone he recognized: Mr. Kadokawa. Both of them had black hair and almost the same short haired haircut.

Mr. Kadokawa smirked at the two. "Pitiful. The two of you seemed alert, but you're both unaware of your own fates."

"Then againâ€¦" Ms. Kadokawa spoke up. "You should have been more prepared to evade us."

Homura summoned an auto-shotgun with one hand, then cocked it before holding it with two hands. "Why the hell would you want to kill us?"

Alan got a good look of the two. '_Damn itâ€¦ What are they doing? I've been in the school for a month, but I never heard of people wanting to kill us._'

"You already know I'm a Magical Girl then."

Mr. Kadokawa chuckled. "Heheheâ€¦ Of course. It's impossible others would track a Magical Girl, and a Punisher Wizard on normal terms. We, howeverâ€¦ We're different."

Ms. Kadokawa spoke up. "So how do you think would you be able to escape the è§'â••ãƒ„,ãƒƒf³ã„,° (Kadokawa Twins)?"

"Ms. Kadokawaâ€¦ Are you asking them? They shouldn't answer, since

they already know." He grinned evilly. "They won't." He browsed a pocket before throwing a very small object in the air.

Homura examined it and was shocked. '_A grief seed?!_'

Ms. Kadokawa then threw a small glass tube with metal tipped covers along with the grief seed.

Once again, Homura knew that inside the glass tube seemed to be dark shadowy particles moving from the inside. It was too familiar. '_What theâ€|? Is thatâ€| corruption?!_' And it was answered as the small glass tube made a small explosion before the corruption flowed into the grief seed. Homura and Alan both saw the grief seed stop dead in the air before it shook violently after sucking the corruption.

"Ohâ€|" Alan said.

"â€|crapâ€|" Homura continued. And they both saw the grief seed finally hatch. All four later on, were not on the quarry after it happened, as if nothing happened.

End
file.